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Vol. LXI

MAY, 1942

No. 5

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VOL. LXI

MAY

No. 5



1942

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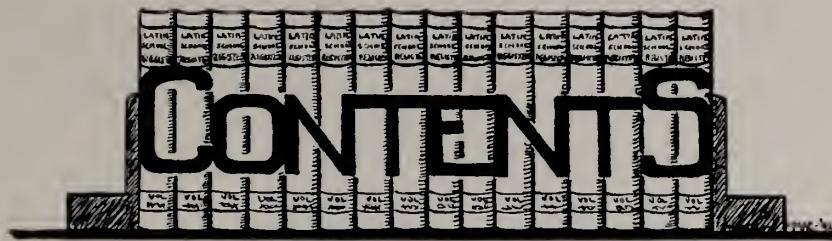
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DE PRAEMIIS

The REGISTER wishes to congratulate the staffs of the English High School *Record* and the Dorchester High School *Item*, which took their annual first place in their respective classes (3000 to 3500 and 1500 to 500 pupils), in the competition of the Columbia University Scholastic Press Association. Also, with excusable pride, we desire to call to the attention of the student body the fact that now, in its first year in the Association, the REGISTER has taken a second place rating, after the *Item*. Further comment will be found in Mr. Marson's congratulatory article below.

W. v B.

CONGRATULATIONS! (AN OPEN LETTER)

To the Members of the REGISTER Staff:

You have won national recognition by virtue of the second prize award by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. It is the first time in the long history of the oldest American school magazine that you entered this annual competition, and you deserve commendation for winning a second-place rating.

Your success is noteworthy for several reasons. At Latin School studies come first, especially with boys capable of writing acceptable material. The resultant paucity of short stories, essays, and verse forces the overworked members of the staff and a few loyal contributors to supply the REGISTER with enough copy to make up a sizeable issue. Not only are you usually short on literary material, but you must depend for illustrative drawings and photographs on any boy who is willing to spend time, energy, and money in producing pictures, cartoons, and designs; for, unlike the schools with which you were in competition, you have no art department to aid you in making your magazine as attractive as it might be.

Still, I believe that you can achieve greater honors in 1943 if you can get the co-operation of the many capable students of our school. Contributions in much greater quantity must come from the student body. Instead of criticizing the REGISTER, capable writers and artists should produce work of superior quality. This year, with no attempt to put out a prize-winning magazine, you have won second place. Next year you should do even better.

Sincerely,

PHILIP MARSON,
Literary Adviser

TO SENIORS

Seniors, in a few months we shall be known as Alumni of Latin School. Wherever we go and whatever we do, we must always remember our Alma Mater. Let's be 100% dynamic in the activities of the Latin School Association. Twice a year the Association holds dinner meetings: the first, before the annual Latin-

English game; the second, in May on the night of the annual Dramatics Club play. It will undoubtedly be a thrill to meet the boys of our class and talk over old times. At these meetings, we meet many, many friends—both masters and students. Let us all become true Latin School boys.

M. N. S.

A NEW DEPARTMENT

We have long entertained the opinion that the REGISTER, as the official organ of the Boston Latin School, ought to represent the faculty of the school as well as the students. With this thought in mind, we have approached various masters with the proposition that they write articles for publication in this magazine, and found their response favorable.

Therefore we begin, with this issue, our new department—a series of articles by our teachers. This month's contributor is Dr. Marnell, to whom this sort of thing is nothing new, for as most of us know, he writes editorials for the Boston *Traveler*.

W. v. B.

THE PROFESSIONAL SPIRIT

Words have a way of rising up or falling down the social scale. When I was in III B and could do quadratic equations, "He's a pro!" was an exclamation of contempt. That was because we had inherited in this country the British ideal of athletics, by which the amateur is a gentleman and the professional is a hired workman.

.....

That idea never sat very comfortably in American minds. Harry Hooper used to play right field for the Sox in those days. Harry was a professional, to be sure, but he was a gentleman. The amateur holier-than-thou's branded poor "Jim" Thorpe as a professional and made him give back his Olympics medals, but the American people thought none the less of him. He was the greatest athlete that ever lived, and that was all that mattered. If he could make a little money out of his skill, so much the better.

This generation has lifted the phrase a good many notches in the social scale. Now "He's a pro!" is a tribute to ability, dexterity, strength, and practised skill. That's the way it should be.

Our old distinction between the amateur and the professional died quickly because it had no vitality. But it gave birth to another illusion that has a very dangerous vitality. That is the illusion of the "brilliant amateur".

"Jim", the neglected sub, gets in the game for the last five minutes when the home team is four touchdowns behind. He gets in only because the other three quarterbacks have broken their necks. In the most brilliant display of football on record, he scores five touchdowns single-handed and wins immortal glory. Nonsense! If "Jim" were that good, the coach would have spotted him the morning after Labor Day.

The real happy-hunting-ground of the brilliant amateur is the detective story. After the acutest minds of Scotland Yard have been unable to decide who used the blunt instrument on Lord Lushington's skull, the brilliant amateur solves the crime. The brilliant amateur is usually an elderly spinster who lives alone with five cats and a poodle dog or a very bored young man with a Filipino

valet and a passion for imported cheese. In real life, if the bored young man stumbled upon a murder, after being doused with cold water to bring him out of his faint, he would call the police and the police would solve the crime.

The illusion of the brilliant amateur has its very dangerous vitality for a good reason. Fundamentally the story of the amateur who succeeds where the professional fails is the Cinderella story, and every one loves Cinderella. Every one loves Cinderella because almost every one loves to dream that sometime he will achieve a brilliant success either by gift of the fairy godmother or by some inspiration of his own. That's where the danger comes in.

Success doesn't come that way, and the man who has the professional spirit doesn't dream of success by the Cinderella route. He can rise to the heights when he has to because he has laboriously climbed the jagged rocks beneath the heights.

One day Ty Cobb went on the field suffering from the grippe and carrying a temperature of 102°. He broke up a tie game by singling to left and then stealing second, third, and home. It was inspired baseball, but behind it was a lifetime of training and the closest study of the opposing pitcher's peculiarities and a very definite knowledge of the opposing catcher's ability to throw to the bases. Call the spirit amateur that put Ty Cobb on the field that day if you prefer, but the training and the knowledge were professional. Personally, I'd call the spirit professional too.

The professional does things like that. The amateur is at his best when everything is right; the professional is at his best when everything is wrong. Ty Cobb is one example. Another is the newspaper man who sat at his desk that electric Sunday when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and edited the fragmentary flashes that came over the tape into a living, brilliant story and all the time remembered, in one corner of his brain, that his only son was a sailor at Pearl Harbor.

The professional spirit is one of intense criticism. The men who stay up in big league baseball criticize each other and themselves venomously. The praise of his fellow-professionals is the only praise for which the professional really cares. Charles Lamb didn't care what the world thought of his essays if only Samuel Taylor Coleridge liked them. If Wordsworth liked his poetry, Coleridge was satisfied. Some people, who know nothing of Coleridge or poetry, think he wrote "Kubla Khan" under the inspiration of an opium stupor. He wrote it in an opium stupor because he had practised his profession of versifying so hard that he could write poetry in his sleep.

Beware, then, of the brilliant amateur. He doesn't exist outside of fiction. Under the false whiskers it's only Cinderella, and Cinderella never would have made the grade without the fairy godmother.

When you sacrifice health and wealth to what you want to do, when your job is part of yourself in every waking hour and then you go to bed and dream about it, when you tear the fibres of your brain until they yell for help in your will to do the grandest job you can, and then are thoroughly dissatisfied with the result and go on planning how to do it better next time, you are a professional.

It's as hard as that, and there are few of them. But, they are life's successes.

WILLIAM H. MARNELL

DEMOCRACY

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but don't forget hot dogs and ice cream sodas, freedom of speech and baseball games; freedom of press and glamour girls, freedom of religion and academy awards; slang, but no slavery; free education and five-cent cigars, habeas corpus and subways; jury trials and comedians; closed ballots and night clubs.

We listen to Arturo Toscanini and Glenn Miller; Peter Tschaikowski and Irving Berlin. We read the Atlantic Monthly and Life; Esquire and Ladies' Home Journal. We go to the movies and the theatre; dances and operas.

Who are we? Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Negroes, English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Belgians, Germans, Czechs, Poles, Russians—the melting pot that is America. The import of it all—DEMOCRACY.

Three years ago, a refugee from persecution-torn Germany, asked me a question to which I could offer little response. "What is democracy?" he naively inquired. Indeed, what is democracy? Have we ever asked ourselves? People who have never experienced its blessings want to know. They find out. Are we so smug and complacent that we won't take "time out" to learn what little we can about democracy?

The history of democracy fills volumes. Its multiple forms and diverse theories cannot be discussed fully in this theme. We can, however, make a cursory study of the major steps in its history, taking into account the principles on which it stands. "What is democracy?"

We hear first of democracy in Greece, some 2500 years ago. In Athens the citizens had equal rights and an equal share in the government. But outside of the "democratic elite" of citizens there was that slavery which modern democracy condemns and would abolish everywhere.

The plebeians, in ancient Rome, in the days of the Republic, were able, through their tribunes, to lessen to some extent the political power of the patricians. Demagogues, however, under the cloak of tribunes and in the fashion of Hitler today, exploited the abject penury and almost total lack of education of these democratic masses. These men, in fact, were the prelude to the imperial monarchy which was to come.

In the Dark or Middle Ages there was little place for democracy in feudalism. The Christian conception of the equality of all men before God had to wait for Jean Jacques Rousseau to translate it from religion to society.

The evolution of modern democracy took place in the great struggles of three revolutionary periods. This long strife between the mass of the population and the autocrats in power was marked by various stages. The revolutions of 1642 and 1688 (due in great measure to John Locke) made parliamentary government a permanent part of English polities. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and other free-thinking philosophers were slowly but surely overthrowing the regimes of kings. Quesnay, with the "laissez faire, laissez passer," established a school of physiocrats and laid the foundation for modern liberalism.

This metaphysical discussion became a concrete fact—the American Revolution. Thomas Paine's pamphlets "Common Sense" and "The Crisis" stirred the

popular emotion with their democratic principles. Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, presenting grandiloquently the theory of the natural rights of man. The consequent establishment of the American Republic, with its democratic principles embodied in the American Constitution and the world-renowned Bill of Rights, provided the spark that the French needed; the result—*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*.

The outcome of this revolution was disastrous; but the rope that the despots had held around the necks of the population had been cut. In the early nineteenth century Europe was assailed by liberal doctrines and it succumbed to force of their attacks. There were outbreaks in Poland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The colonies in South America set themselves up as republics. Political liberty, however, was not realized until the liberal and reform movements of the early twentieth century had been more successfully carried on in the democratic states.

As we can see, the development of democracy has been slow and labored. Athenian democracy was the spontaneous result of the similarity of customs, feelings, and ideas of a single group; but excluded those not a part of this group. Roman democracy was, in fact, the effort of a rich powerful minority to dominate a poor, uneducated majority. This effort was brought to a final success and democracy was cast aside.

Modern democracy is the form of government in which the people rules itself through representatives. To be more explicit—in a democracy the will and opinion of every adult member plays a distinct part in determining the workings of the state. It is dependent not only upon the freedom of the individual but also upon the equality of political rights. This makes for majority rule, but the minority is not ignored and plays its part. The method is through concurrence of the population, not by any coercive authority, but rather through the development of free discussion and free selection of leaders.

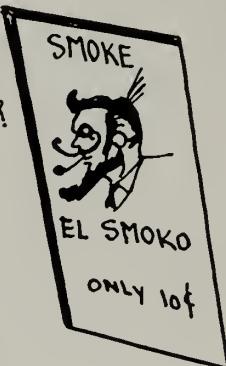
Today, the “arsenal of democracy” is in a fight not only to “keep” but also to make “the world safe for democracy”. It can and will win. A. S. P.

DISILLUSIONMENT

| | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| Senior History, Chess, Dramatics, | Camera's prexie, skilled in locus, |
| Literary, Mathematics, | Still misjudging depth of focus; |
| Vainly claiming they've no race | <i>Register's</i> ad-rejecting staff |
| To see who'll get more Yearbook space; | Cutting revenue in half; |
| Musical Appreciation | Circulation, close behind, |
| Doing trig to syncopation; | Trying not at all to find |
| Poetry so daisalacksical; | Subscribers so the plagiarist |
| Latin shark infested Claesical; | Literary can subsist; |
| Stamp Club making tongues run dry, | <i>Omnia vanitas in schola:</i> |
| Washing postmarks on the sly; | <i>Superbia magna, ars parvola.</i> |

ALVAN S. BERNER, '42

Exhibitions of the Art Club can be seen often, on any of the neighborhood billboards!

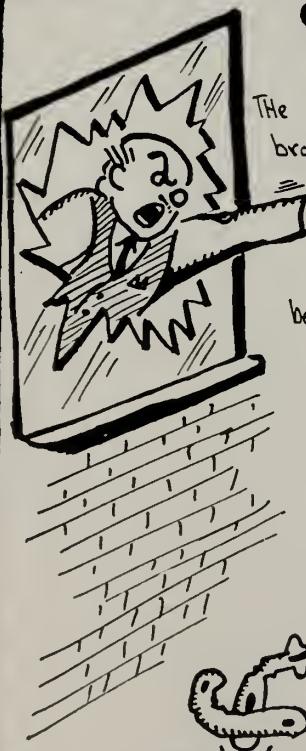


The Debating Club held an impromptu meeting outdoors at 2:10 Today! ^



AROUND
•
BLS

The Aviation Club broke up abruptly yesterday, due to circumstances beyond its control!
[and How]



Members of the Tennis Team often can be seen practicing their tennis happily(?) on Saturday mornings [on the Parlor Rugs]

O'CONNOR

LEARNING TO SAIL

During the summer of 1937 I watched other fellows sail small boats in Scituate Harbor. It looked quite simple. All one had to do was sit at the tiller, steer the boat, and adjust the mains'l. Very simple. That winter I saved my spare pennies and nickels towards the purchase of a sail boat.

At Christmas I was given money by my parents and relatives, so that when spring came I found I had just enough for a little boat. I bought a second-hand sailboat in May for twenty-five dollars. It was a bargain, believe me. The necessary arrangements were made, the boat shipped to Scituate, and the "professional" yachtsman ready to sail it. Early the next morning, a Saturday, I donned my old clothes, put on a heavy sweater and jacket, and went to sail my newly acquired possession. I found it safe and sound in a little cove where I had left it the day before. My big moment was at hand!

Awkwardly, I climbed into the boat and pulled up the mains'l. It was a gorgeous day—not a cloud in the sky—and just a gentle breeze—a wonderful day to sail. Now that the mains'l was up and ruffling in the breeze, I tried to put up the jib, but reconsidered. After all, one sail would be enough for my first day. Casting off the mooring-line, I sat down by the tiller. As the boat moved into the wind I felt the glorious thrill of really sailing. I headed the boat for the harbor, having no desire to cramp myself in any little cove. Once in the harbor, I straightened out the boat and glided along. The wind seemed to increase as I reached the middle. Now I was really moving! By this time considerable water had accumulated in the bottom of the boat, and my feet were thoroughly

soaked; but I had no time to bail. The boat had developed a decided tip, and occasionally a little water dashed over the side. I thought if I let the sail out a bit, it would help slow me down. This I did, but it only seemed to increase the speed. Then I pulled the sail in a little, thinking that this might do the trick. Suddenly the boom swung around to the other side, swerved the boat, and knocked the rudder out of its sockets! I jumped forward to take down the sail, almost tipping the boat over as I did! When it was down, I began paddling back for the rudder—no easy task, since I had the wind against me.

After about three quarters of an hour I recovered the stray rudder and pulled up on the southwest bank of the harbor. I had had enough sailing for one day. After resting, I managed to row the boat back to its mooring and go home. I didn't feel much like going for a swim that afternoon.

Again the next day I went back to the boat. I pulled it up on the shore and tried to plug up some of the leaks, but with little success. I remembered altogether too clearly the incidents of the previous day, and vowed that today would be different. Being a Latin School boy, I was not going to make the same mistake twice. Once again I put up the sail, pushed down the centerboard (forgotten the previous day), and headed for the harbor. Once in the open I had a little better luck. I only ran into the dory of some men who were fishing, lost an oarlock, nearly capsized and worried the Coast Guard.

After these early experiences I improved little by little, until finally I was able to take out the boat without mishap. I can say authoritatively that I hit al-

most every rock in the harbor, knocked a little paint off numerous boats that were moored, but did no serious major damage.

The next summer, that of 1939, I used the boat, but it was beginning to show the effects of its batterings. I parted with the craft that year, for the grand sum of ten dollars. During the summer of 1940 I went without a boat, because of insufficient funds and the fact that we were not at Scituate. Last spring, however, I found once again that I had enough for a boat—this time for a bigger

and much better boat. This is much faster than the old one, does not leak as much, and very rarely loses its rudder.

To any one who contemplates learning to sail, I have but one piece of advice to offer. *Don't* do what a friend of mine did. He had been out sailing at low tide and had brought the boat into the dock to be sure that it didn't float away; he lashed it firmly to the dock. When he returned, several hours later, he found his boat under three feet of water. It seems that the tide had come in. It usually does. ARNET R. TAYLOR, '45

"HIS WILL BE DONE?"

"The rumbling of a big gun in the harbor, the whistling of an aerial bomb, the rat-tat-tat of a death-dealing machine-gun, the sudden explosion of a hand-grenade, the whine of a sniper's bullet, all are commonplace to a Marine!"

"The Marines—the very glamor of the words—the United States Marines. In the sky, on the sea, on the land, the backbone of the country's defense! But to be a Marine means more than heroics and a uniform; it means sacrifice—yes, even death."

With these words the recruiting officer finished his speech. Then the induction ceremony, the rapid training course, the last week-end-leave, sailing orders—and then war!

The rumbling of the guns, the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun, the whine of an aerial bomb, the proximity of death all about him—never before had Tom realized the horrible truth of those words. But now he himself, Tom, was about to make that sacrifice—"your life for your country." How unbelievable it had seemed!

Well might one wonder at the strange thoughts which run through the mind of a boy 6000 miles from home, waiting, waiting to die! Neither the flash of a

big shell overhead and the thunderous report that followed nor the repeated clack-clack-clack of an anti-tank gun served to waken him from his momentary lapse into the past.

How well he remembered his mother's last kiss, with her tears streaming down her ruddy cheeks and the little throb in her voice as she said good-by; that 'man-to-man' hand-shake with his dad, which is the masculine way of saying all those things which can't be said; his last evening with Peggy, his sweetheart, and the way she'd promised she'd wait. Oh, how hard it was to say good-by.

Machine-gun fire started to spray across the trenches, and he instinctively fell to the ground. The dive-bombing of an enemy plane forced him to take cover in a shell-hole, but he dreamed on. . . . The feeling of cold snow against your face, the fun of diving into an icy pool, the thrill that comes with the first day of spring, the beauty of a harvest moon, all the things that make life worth living flitted back and forth across his mind.

A cannon roared behind him and an eighteen-inch shell boomed across the horizon; an anti-aircraft gun sputtered away in the distance; planes fought it out in the blue above. And men fell,

their life-blood staining the ground about them a deep brown.

But he was no longer asleep. He weaved forward in and out among them, hiding behind stumps and dropping into shell craters. HE threw grenades, and it was HIS gun that barked. He ran on and on into the enemy lines. Men fell before his careful aim, and his mad rush turned into a minor offensive. The whole company seemed to be seized by new strength.

Then he heard it. At first softly in the

distance, then louder and louder came the scream of an aerial bomb. Louder, louder, his ears splitting with the unbearable pitch. Down, down it fell, faster and faster.

The eternal peace and quiet that come with death were upon him.

* * *

On the same day in a suburban town in Eastern New Hampshire, a male child was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Rand.

MENDEL M. LEVENSON, '43

DOOMED

He was losing his nerve; he was as sure of that as a condemned man possibly could be. He felt the sweat tracing patterns down his back, and, oddly enough, he recalled the rain running off the roof of the home he had left behind. He thought of escape; of giving up this insane project; of putting off the reckoning until later. But then he remembered that escape was impossible. For hadn't he seen a sentry take a seat near the entrance through which he had come in? He would have to chance it, there was no turning back now!

There is the door! The door which closets his hopes, his fears—the door through which he must pass, to gain victory, or doom!

He walks stealthily, his every sense alert, for the possibilities of being intercepted are many, and immediate disaster would be the result of a noisy footstep. He glances around, wondering at the sound each step makes, and thinking of the consequences disclosure would bring crashing down upon his head! He must risk it, though, for there is no escape!

He slithers up to the door, and sweat stands out in huge beads on his brow, as his hand grasps the bronze door-knob. All at once, his mind is filled with petty

thoughts, which crowd out all his fear. Isn't this door-knob larger than the ones at home? Who ever invented door-knobs? How were they kept so shiny?

He throws back his shoulders, and shakes his head, as if trying to brush these unimportant thoughts from his mind, as he concentrates on the job ahead of him. He grasps the knob anew, and slowly turns it, amazed at how much noise an apparently mute object can summon to its call. He slowly draws the door open and, slipping through the semi-open doorway, closes it stealthily after him.

So far, so good; but now, here is the hardest test of all! He must gain his objective, unobserved, and already his nerves have buckled! He tries to get a grip on himself, and begins to walk noiselessly along the side of the room, parallel to the windows. There is his goal; and yet, he is still far from it. He thinks of the proverb, "So near, and yet so far."

But, now, he is almost there! Three steps more, two, only one—What's this? The master looks up from his book and speaks: "Tardy again, Currel? Well, go down to the office, and get a late-slip."

MYRON S. SIMON, '43

SUBWAY

(As told to MENDEL M. LEVINSON, '43)

"It's a long subway ride from upper Manhattan to Flatbush, but after you've made the trip twice daily for a number of years, it becomes a welcome pause in the turmoil that is life in New York. This is especially true of fellows like me who work the night shift out in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and who look forward to these moments of relaxation to read the evening paper and to rest a while.

"During the three years that I've been running a lathe for Uncle Sam, I've come to know most of the other regulars on the 6:30 express, and the atmosphere has become more that of a businessmen's club than that of a subway car. There is a natural feeling of intimacy, and it is not uncommon for two perfect strangers to strike up a conversation to while the time away. After all, it is a long ride.

"One day last week there seemed to be an unusual number of new faces around my favorite seat: an old man in shabby work clothes dozing in a corner, a couple of drunks lurching around in the back of the car, two young women talking babies and recipes across the aisle from me, and next to me a young fellow, about 22 or 23, who was craning his neck to get a glimpse at the headline of my paper: 'JAPS RAIN BOMBS ON McARTHUR'. He whistled soft and long, and started to read the sub-titles. Apparently he was a friendly sort, and I was willing enough to spend the remaining time in conversation, 'Some fun, eh?'

"'Yuh, gosh, I pity those poor guys out there without a chance in the world; and when you think that tomorrow it

may be me, or one of my pals, who is one of those 'heavy losses', it sort of gives you the creeps.'

"'That's the trouble with your generation,' I said. 'Why, in '17 we *wanted* to go; we were straining at the leash to get a crack at those 'Jerries'; but today the youngsters would rather make easy money and live the life of Reilly, while someone else fights their battles. Why, if they'd take me, I'd join up today.'

"'That's not it exactly', he replied. 'I guess you've forgotten how hard it is to leave your folks, your girl, and your career, and to throw away everything that you've worked for. It's not that we're slackers; it's just that most of the fellows haven't realized that there's a job to be done and that it's up to them to do it.'

"Still, as soon as war was declared in '17, there were parades and rallies; every one joined the colors, and if you didn't, you were ashamed of it, and your whole family was ashamed of it. Today you fellows try to dodge it every which-way. Why, if there were a fellow your age not in the army last time, he would have been scorned.'

"'But you still don't understand', he replied. 'We're all ready to make the sacrifice and do our bit, but most of us aren't awake to the fact that the Army really needs us. But we'll do our part, wait and see.'

"I realized that the last stop had come. 'Say', I said, 'Nobody comes this far except Navy men. This is the Navy Yard.'

"'Well!' he replied, 'that's all right. I board my ship in the morning.'"

WELL, WELL, CRUGHT IN THE ACT, EH?



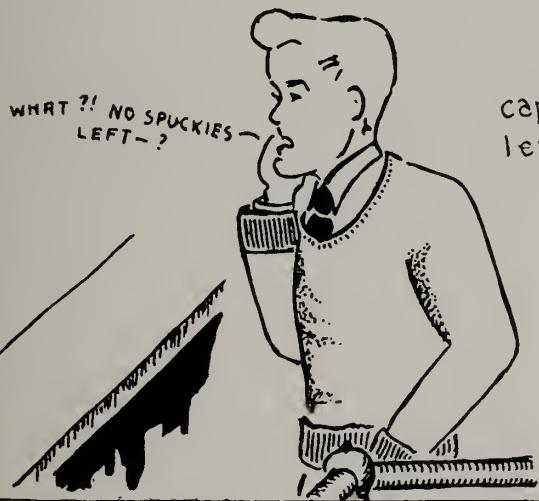
LUNCHROOM "REALS"

By Steiger

(The buck-privatee of the
K.P. Squad.)

AFTER watching several other fellows
sneek in the wrong way to the counter, and
then get away with it; you decide to try it
yourself and then you feel a hand on your
shoulder.....

WONDER IF THIS SPUCKIE WILL
KEEP ME UP TO MY
VITAMIN REQUIREMENTS?



The day that you're table
captain, everybody seems to
leave everything



AFTER waiting in line for about ten
minutes, you finally arrive at the counter
and find everything sold!

SEALED ORDERS

Mitchell was a strong, alert, and intelligent youth of some twenty odd years of age. He was a veritable Adonis—the envy of all Pensacola. At this very moment he was busy gazing at his instruments as his plane swooped low over the field. He was practicing an aircraft-carrier landing.

"Flaps down; wheels down; speed 180; watch flagger; keep ship steady; watch it, watch it; keep nose up; watch flagger; careful, careful; set her down steady, steady."

These incoherent phrases were uttered by Mitchell as he brought his plane in for a landing. He was following the signals relayed to him by paddles waved by a flagger. There was a bump as the plane touched earth, and Mitchell slammed on the brakes, causing the ship to stop short suddenly. Getting out of the cockpit, he saluted a superior officer who had approaching his plane after the landing.

"Three-point landing, cadet. Congratulations! Report to the commandant's office to-morrow morning. Dismissed!"

Leaving the field, he went directly to his barracks, where he was greeted by his comrades. Jubilant over the compliment, he rollicked with his friends. He was a flyer.

Mitchell had arrived at Pensacola nine months ago. Then a raw recruit—a "dodo"—he was taught the rudiments of flight, after which followed an intensive course of training beginning with motors and leading up through construction, repairing, radio, instruments, navigation —this very intensively—flight instruction, take-offs, landings, airobatics, gunnery, dive-bombing, and final, special training in take-offs and landings from and onto an aircraft carrier. To-day he had soloed and had put his knowledge of aircraft-carrier procedure to good use. Had he not been complimented by a

superior officer? He was a flyer, a navy flyer.

Greatly excited, Mitchell retired that night and awoke the next morning ready for anything. But he was soon to find that "anything" was far more than he expected. He entered the waiting-room of the commandant's office and, upon stating his name, was immediately ushered into the commandant's quarters. Saluting, he stated the reason for his presence. He was awaiting orders.

"At ease, cadet," mumbled the commandant without looking up from the papers before him. "I'll give you your orders in just a moment." Thus Mitchell stood before his superior, patiently but curiously waiting for his task.

Finally the commandant raised his head, looked at the cadet, and said: "Cadet Mitchell, you have completed your flight training and are, therefore, ready to be commissioned. However, before this can come about, you must pass a rigid test." As he said this, the commandant took an envelope from his file and handed it to Mitchell, with these words, "Here, in this sealed envelope, are your orders. You are not to open it until you are aloft; then you will follow the instructions implicitly. You will take off immediately after inspection. Good luck, cadet!"

Leaving the office, he was rather puzzled and confused. What were these sealed orders? Why was he to wait until he was aloft before he could open them? Strange. Very strange. These questions and others like them passed through his mind during the morning meal and inspection. Finally, inspection was over, and the moment for the take-off was at hand. Warmly dressed in flying "togs" and with envelope in hand, he climbed into the cockpit of his plane. He was still puzzled.

"Throttle open?" came the cry from the mechanic who was to turn over the propeller.

"Throttle open!" came his reply.

"Contact?"

"Contact!"

There was a roar as the motor of his fighter started. A few minutes later, after allowing the motor sufficient time to warm up, he was ready to take off. He pressed the throttle forward; the motor roared into a crescendo of sound; the plane began to move along the runway. It moved down to the further end of the field, where Mitchell turned it in to the wind. The throttle was pressed further, and the plane sped along the take-off runway with ever-increasing speed. The rear wheel lifted, and the front wheels raised; the plane was in flight. Climbing steeply, Mitchell brought his plane to a height of several thousand feet above the earth. Aloft at this height, he switched the operation of the ship to the robot controls, took out the envelope and read as follows . . .

'Cadet Mitchell is to take his plane to a height of fifteen thousand feet, then direct his ship on a course of SSW—(latitude and longitude were not given)—which course he will follow until he sights an aircraft carrier at sea. Cadet Mitchell is to land on this carrier and report to the captain.'

LAND ON A CARRIER, a real carrier this time, not just a landing field that was supposed to be an aircraft carrier. Not only was he to land on the carrier, but he was to find it also, and to put his knowledge of navigation to a practical use. This was the rigid test the commandant had referred to. That was why he wished him luck. He was on his own.

"Zowie! So that's why the orders were sealed! They made sure I didn't know anything about what was going to

happen to me. Whew!" He sighed deeply; and, in compliance with instructions, he evolved the latitude and longitude of the carrier's position and set his plane on that course. The sun was at its zenith; and all that Mitchell, who had now been flying for several hours, could see was a wide expanse of ocean sparkling like a jewel. He peered eagerly at the horizon in search of the mammoth carrier, but saw nothing. The sun grew hotter as his plane winged through the air. Half an hour later he was still relentlessly seeking the carrier; and he was about to give up the search, because his fuel supply was getting low, when, suddenly, just over the horizon a black speck hove into sight — THE CARRIER. He had finally found her. "The carrier! . . . I've found her!! . . . I've won half the battle! . . ." As he flew towards the speck, it grew larger and larger, and its shape took form. It was a large carrier, and it seemed to have a large contingent of planes, planes and men. Mitchell and his plane were soon to become part of it.

He arrived over the carrier, and circling several times, he got the direction of the wind and the ship's speed. At last he circled for a landing. He came speedily down towards the stern of the ship, keeping his eye on the flagger and his speed indicator. It was the crucial moment. If he followed directions correctly, he would land on the carrier; if not, he would crash into the icy sea. The sun was beating down upon him, and yet he was cold. He muttered to himself as he had done when he came in for practice landings.

"Flaps down; wheels down; speed 180 . . . 170 . . . 160; watch flagger, steady, keep ship steady; don't get nervous; it's just like a practice landing"—he was breathing heavily, and his breath came out in spasms—" . . . What's the flagger

signalling? Oh . . . nose up; speed less; over more to the right . . . careful, steady; this is it, this is it . . ." As he uttered this last phrase, his plane struck the deck and his head was nearly torn from his shoulders as his plane was stopped short with a severe jolt. This was caused by the arrester on the deck of the

carrier. He had made it. He had landed on the carrier. As he sat in his cockpit, weak from mental exhaustion, one of the regular pilots on the carrier ran up to his plane, and extending his right hand, he said, "Congratulations, cadet! You landed like an ace!"

ISADORE N. COOPerman, '43

NOS MORITURI or THE TRAGEDY OF ROOM 352

The "Protective Order of the Knights of the Square Locker" was about to hold its daily meeting outside Room 352. The "Lord High Viziers" (there were no common members) were awaiting their "Grand Mogul" and his handymen, "Lord Chancellor of the Red Marks" and "Lord Chancellor of the Misdemeanor Marks", at the moment detained in the home-room, answering some rather embarrassing questions about a broken window-pole. At last the "G.M." and the "L.C.'s" entered, and the meeting came to order.

Immediately they got down to business: How could they combat old "Splinter" Chapin, their French teacher, without facing his deadly marking pad? Various suggestions were presented, but no action was proposed. Suddenly, during a lull in the debate, the "Lord High Vizier of the Chalk Dust" stepped forward and, raising his hands for silence, said melodramatically: "'Splinter's' not in today!"

"You're kidding, Taber!"

"Where did you find that out?"

"Who's the 'sub'?"

"That's the best part of it," Taber explained. "He's 'brand-new'. Boy, I'll bet he's green!"

Half a dozen "red-hot" suggestions shot forth. Caston, the Grand Mogul, rapped for order on a locker, called for

a vote:

"All those in favor of hazing the 'sub'? Thirty-seven! All those in favor of not? —none! Unanimous! We start the hazing in the fifth period. Now, here is the plan of action—"

* * * *

The fifth period bell rang, and Mr. Russ, substitute for Mr. Chapin, looked up, amazed to see that the class hadn't come in yet. Then, with a knowing look, he slipped out to the Teachers' Room, just across the hall, to await the arrival of Room 352. His surmise was correct, for exactly one minute after the bell had rung, the class trooped boisterously in, slammed their books on their desks as noisily as possible, and looked up, expectantly, to see his reaction. How amazed were the faces of the "Protective Order" when they saw the teacher's chair—empty!

Mr. Russ decided that this was the time to put on *his* act, and striding quickly into the room, he apologized briefly for being late. The mouths of the "Lord High Viziers" were still open with amazement when he ordered the books opened. Caston glanced around quickly and, fearing his forces would be routed unless he did something immediately, raised his hand and called out:

"Sir, we've taken only the first three lessons of this grammar."

The "Viziers" chuckled inwardly, for they all knew that they were on the twenty-first lesson. Mr. Russ smiled. He knew that, too! Glancing at the seating plan, he said:

"Well, in that case, Caston, you must have done quite a bit of translation in the reading books. Turn to page 75 and start translating."

Panic gripped the "Order." They had assumed that Mr. Chapin would give them a test, and none were prepared! Cold fear swept through the ranks when Caston, usually a "65" student, flunked the translation! Ah, but here was the card up Caston's sleeve. At exactly five minutes past two every one bent over to tie his shoe. Mr. Russ smiled, and said sharply:

"Manner! Recite!"

Manner jumped up, taking the desk cover along with his head!

"What? When? Where? Sir?" he stammered, looking into the grinning eyes of Mr. Russ, and rubbing his head.

* * *

In a corner of the front blackboard of Room 352, between the program and the fire drill notice, appeared a small bulletin:

"To whom it may concern: This is to notify all the 'Lord High Viziers' that the 'Protective Order of the Knights of the Square Locker' is officially disbanded on this, the 29th of March, 1942."

MYRON S. SIMON, '43

FLIGHT INTO ETERNITY

The motors roared, and the planes of the seventh squadron rose into the air like a flock of sparrowhawks. The sun was just beginning to lower behind the crest of the hill, and the planes looked like insignificant dots. They seemed to be flying into the sun as if bent on self-destruction, as if flying into eternity.

"Whew! That sun's blinding. Wish I didn't have to go on this flight. Had a funny feeling all last night. Maybe . . . ? Aw! Nuts!" Robert Madson lapsed into a meditative silence as his plane winged its way along in the formation. Of the twelve planes his was number twelve, the rear guard, the last in the formation, and the only one unprotected.

"Some assignment," muttered Madson. "Ought to be plenty of action. Boy! Will they be surprised! Boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" This thought seemed to dispel all consideration of danger.

They were pursuit ships protecting a flight of bombers. They continued rapidly towards their objective, an objective so important, so vital to the

enemy that it was protected by innumerable planes and anti-aircraft guns.

The sun had been down for several hours, but the bombers were still far from their destination. As they approached, every man was tensed and alert. Robert Madson was scanning the sky about him, looking into the black, foreboding heavens in search of enemy planes—planes that might come plummeting out of the darkness with guns spitting death. However, the pitchy blackness was not disturbed by enemy fighters. Nevertheless, Robert Madson shuddered, shuddered as if he had been caught in a cold draft, although the cockpit of his plane was entirely closed against the cold air without.

"Brrrr! Got to get control of myself. Can't let my nerves get the best of me now, not when we're so near. Have to protect the big fellows down there. They've got to get through; they've got to!"

Hours passed, and Madson was answering his flight commander on the radio

when the inky blackness about him was broken by huge beams of light, light from searchlights below. They had reached their objective. Into the heavens the searchlights sent beams of light like huge fingers trying to grasp the elusive attackers. Light from the beams blinded him every time they swept his plane, and Madson was now engaged in attempting to dodge the anti-aircraft fire centered around the bombers near him. He dodged the fire skillfully and swiftly climbed his plane when he received orders to engage the defending pursuit planes.

The bombers, rocked and heaved about by near-misses, were dropping their "eggs" as quickly as possible and then fleeing the damaging shrapnel which tore through their fuselages like hot knives through butter. Several, however, were hit directly and immediately fell in flames.

Above the bombers a gigantic battle raged—a battle in which Robert Madson was fighting, fighting against overwhelming odds. The planes—swooping, diving, looping, and barrelrolling—were so en-

closed that no plane of either nation could be picked out. Guns were chattering, motors roaring, and wounded planes screaming to the earth. The battle increased in intensity; and the planes that were to protect the bombers found increasing difficulty in fighting an enemy that greatly outnumbered them. Therefore, as the bombers that survived the anti-aircraft fire sped for safety, the protecting planes made a last-ditch fight before they also fled. Thus, after delaying the enemy pursuit planes long enough to allow the bombers to escape, they turned tail and streaked for home. However, they did not flee unscathed; for, as they fled, nine of their number had fallen.

* * *

As he streaked to safety, an attacking pursuit pilot saw one of his comrades falling, falling in flames. Watching him plummet to earth, he wondered who it was, when the flames that were consuming the falling plane lifted from the fuselage just long enough for him to see a red "12" painted on her side.

COOPerman I. N., '43

CHECK MATE!

"Check mate! You're all through. You can't get out of that trap," said John Clinton, smiling victoriously at his friend, "Say! Are you paying attention to the game? Tom!!"

"Huh? . . . Oh! I was just daydreaming. I imagined that the pieces on the board were soldiers, generals, and so forth. You know what I mean. I fancied that I was in a contingent of soldiers and that one of my buddies was saying . . .

"This is it, soldier; we're on our way. How do you feel?"

"Scared. Just plain scared. How about you?"

"Ditto."

The two men lapsed into a strained silence as their contingent moved slowly along a rough country road. These men belonged to the 21st, otherwise known as the International Division, which, until the cowardly attack on Belgium, was stationed at Northampton, England. Since then it had been held in reserve at Dunkirk to be sent into action only as a last resort. The time had come, and the division was being sent into combat. Sent as reinforcement for the right flank of the British position, which was being pressed so strongly that it was feared the enemy would break through within a few hours unless it was immediately

reënforced. "Tom" Cardine was one among the thousands of men sent to halt or impede the onrushing juggernaut of the ruthless enemy.

"Stukas!!! Break!!" came the sudden cry as two Junker dive-bombers swooped low with machine guns chattering. They came roaring out of the blue firmament like two avenging angels, spitting white hot lead into the ranks of the exposed column. Leaden bullets that screamed and whined. Bullets that tore into the men as they vainly sought cover behind the few trees lining the roadside. Bullets that signified the barbarous brutality of the enemy.

"Take cover! Hug the ground!" was the cry that 'Tom' Cardine heard as he hurled himself into a ditch at the side of the road. He did so none too soon, for, as he sprawled face downward in the trench, he heard the ominous spatter of lead striking earth and a shower of dirt fell about his prone figure. After many minutes of terrifying chaos, all was quiet, and a profound sense of horror went through Cardine as he made his way up the side of the ditch to the level of the road. On looking up the road, he saw many men, who had marched with such briskness of step, now lying in the inertia of death. However, he also saw many more moving slowly from their shelters and tending the wounded. Heartened, he began searching the roadside for wounded comrades. With his superficial knowledge of first aid, he tended to their wounds and left them to be picked up by the ambulance corps. The wounded

taken care of, the remaining men formed ranks again and awaited orders.

"Forward march!" and the soldiers of the 21st Division, with revenge in their hearts, set out to meet the enemy. They marched with a will, and by nightfall they were within earshot of the ever-changing line of battle.

As he came closer and closer to the noise of combat, "Tom" Cardine experienced combined sensations of fear and courage—fear, not of death but of the sudden manner in which death would strike; and courage, not for doing heroic deeds but for standing up with his comrades in fighting the onrushing foe.

About midnight they made contact with the enemy, and then the world around Cardine seemed to heave and rock under the gigantic explosions that intermittently occurred when high explosive shells, aerial bombs, and land mines blew up near by. Thus, throughout the night, he skirmished, with many patrols of the enemy, not knowing whether he was living in a universe gone insane or whether it was all just a horrible nightmare. Therefore, when dawn broke, he was nearly worn out by physical and mental exertion, so that he was almost glad when he heard the arrogant commander of a Nazi mopping-up division, which had completely surrounded his greatly depleted contingent, shout . . .

"Check mate! You're all through," repeated John Clinton; and his friend, who had been recalled from his reverie, acquiesced.

ISADORE N. COOPERMAN, '43

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

DEAR MR. POWERS:

You probably don't recognize my name, but I graduated in the class of '41. I joined the Marine Corps in January of this year. I've been stationed at Parris Island, S. C. for 6 weeks training. That period is almost up now. Out on the

rifle range I've been training now for almost two weeks. Tomorrow is record day and I'm pretty sure of qualifying. This is a great life. Our general work is learning how to shoot and handle the rifle. In the Marine Corps this weapon is a part of us. Someday it may be the means of saving our lives. So you can readily understand the importance of rifle practice. When I get through tomorrow I go back to the main station for a week's training with the bayonet. This is another important weapon we have to learn how to handle. You will have to excuse the writing because out here we are living in tents and the only source of light is by burners.

The weather down here is pretty consistent, with cool nights and hot days. I've got a swell tan already, better than some you can get down to "L" street. This is the time in my life to really make something of myself. I'm well on my way and I give most of the credit to the education I received at Boston Latin. My whole platoon is made up of fellows from Massachusetts, so I'm not alone down here. Already I've met a few of the fellows from Latin School. We realize now that everything the teachers did for us was for our own good. I'd appreciate it very much if you would show this letter to Mr. Charles Fitzgerald and all the other teachers that I knew back in school. The meals down here are excellent and there is enough for all. The uniforms are fine and look very snappy too. The rifle coaches and drill instructors here are competent and very friendly associates on or off duty. You can tell the graduating class for me, that if they are thinking about their future, not to forget the Marine Corps. It displays the brightest and most prosperous future for every youthful American living today. Its records speak for themselves. The Marines are the finest and best-prepared men of today. That's my ambition; to be a part and act in the capacity of the U. S. Marines. I hope you read this to the graduating class at one of their assemblies.

Best regards,

EDWARD O'CONNELL, '41

February 16, 1942

MR. EDWARD O'CONNELL
Paris Island
South Carolina

DEAR O'CONNELL:

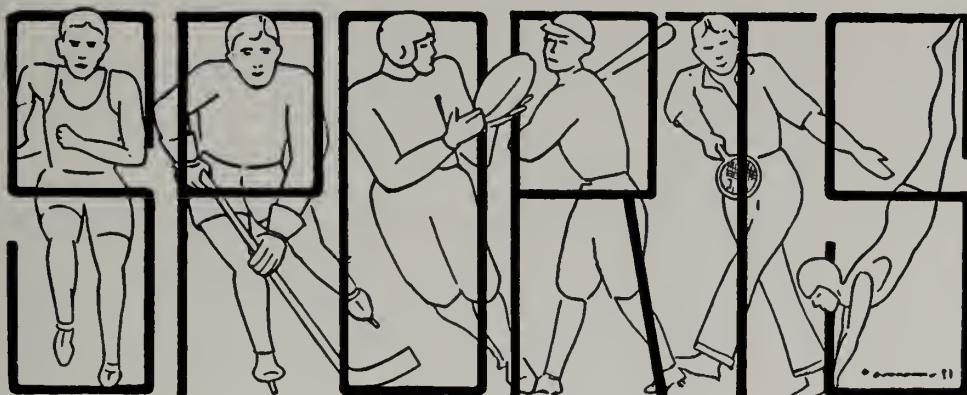
Thank you for your interesting letter. I have shown it to Mr. Charles Fitzgerald and the others Masters who taught you here; and they were all glad to get word of you. I suppose you have no objections to our printing the letter in the REGISTER.

We all know that you will prove yourself worthy of both the School and the Marine Corps, but hope that your adventures will not take you all the way "to the shores of Tripoli".

We wish you the best!

Sincerely,

JOSEPH L. POWERS,
Head Master



TRACK

English Downs Latin

English High School downed B.L.S., $192 \frac{5}{6}$ to $136\frac{1}{2}$ in the third triangular meet of our track season. Commerce was the other entry, but they garnered a mere $21\frac{1}{2}$ points and were completely outclassed.

CLASS A

Mario Alfano, only Latin representative in the 50-yard hurdles finals, wound up third. Paul Murphy stepped into the class of consistent winners as he won the dash for the third consecutive time. With a deep cut in his foot, shot-put winner "Mickey" Woolfson added a point by placing fourth in the "300". In the "600" a last-lap burst of speed by the English contestant dropped Monahan to second and Kelley to fourth. "Jim" Foley returned to form as he won the "1000" with plenty to spare. In a two-school race, our Class "A" relay team came out second best.

CLASS B

"Bob" Grady placed third in both the broad-jump and hurdles. Paul Laskin came through in the "300" as expected. The first corner in Paul's trial heat seemed like a hockey game in which the contestants were battling for the puck, and Laskin was checked into next to last place. However, he put his head down, started his feet churning and was well

out front before he had run half a lap. Again the Class B time in the "600", with "Jim" Sullivan winning, bettered the Class "A" time over the same distance by more than three seconds. Our relay team won a hollow victory when the English anchor man who was out front dropped the baton.

CLASS C

With "Bob" LeVine out, "Dick" Kaufman edged out Felix Cogliano for top honors in the dash. As usual Parsons won the "220". "Johnny" Reagan was hit into the boards, and, as a result, "Bill" Gallagher, who tied Ellis of English for first in the high-jump, was the only B.L.S. candidate to place in the "440". Parsons came from behind on the anchor run to net B.L.S. five points in the Class C relay.

CLASS D

Donovan irritated his bad knee but still managed to come in third in the broad-jump and hurdles. Amsie and Siegfriedt placed third and fourth respectively in the dash. "Art" Collins hasn't yet lost the knack of winning the "176", but Young and Branche ran a fast race. All week long, moaning was heard in the locker room, "Woe is me! I hafta race Doherty of English, the '220'

champ. Oh! Woe is me!" These moans came from Cliff Wharton. In the race Doherty showed his back to "Cliffy" for the first lap, but this impoliteness so enraged the high-jump record holder that

B. L. S. RUNNERS BEATEN BY E.H.S. and M.A.H.S.

Though placing more first-place winners than any other participant in the triangular meet, Latin was subdued by sheer force of numbers. English wound up well out front with 136 points, Mechanics rang up 108, merely two digits more than the number acquired by the Purple and White board-pounders.

CLASS A

"Speed" Murphy has yet to see a rival's dust. He won his fourth consecutive "50" with comparative ease. Unable to counter a last-lap surge of the English "600" champ, "Marty" Monahan remained contented with second slot. "Jim" Foley couldn't quite meet the challenge of the "1000" representative from Mechanics but netted himself 3 points by virtue of his second place. Our relay quartet—Murphy, Alfano, Agababian and Monahan were good competitors, but finished third.

CLASS B

"Jim" Barrabee was given a tie for first in the hurdles. It seemed that "Jim" was well out front at the tape, but maybe we're prejudiced. Paul Laskin did all his running on the outside lane, but finally overhauled the pace-setter in the "300." "Shiek" McEachern placed fourth in the

PURPLE AND WHITE TRACKSTERS CLEAN UP

Latin's trackmen encountered practically no opposition as they gathered 211 points to 87 for Dorchester and 56 for Commerce. The winners took all but three events in the entire running card as they tuned up for the "Reggies."

CLASS A

Paul Murphy continued his winning

he let out a burst of speed in the home stretch that made him the winner by two yards. This rivalry continued in the anchor run of the relay, with "Cliffy" once more breaking the tape.

B. L. S. RUNNERS BEATEN BY E.H.S. and M.A.H.S.

same event. Again bettering the Class A time for the same distance. "Jim" Sullivan strode to first place in the "600." McEachern, McAuliffe, Greeley, and Laskin, teamed up in the relay, chased the Mechanics four to the tape.

CLASS C

"Bob" Le Vine and Felix Cogliano placed first and fourth respectively in the dash. Rapidly developing into one of the state's best sprinters, Carl Parsons again went over the "200" in record time. "Bill" Gallagher nosed out John Regan for second in the "440." Parsons couldn't quite overcome the handicap given him in the relay but nevertheless was second to bring the stick over the finish line.

CLASS D

"Tim" Donovan irritated his injured knee but managed to hurdle his way to third position. "Spud" Murphy's younger brother nosed out "Art" Amsie and Siegfriedt in the dash. "Art" Collins whizzed over the "176" and was well out front at the tape. In the "220," which was even more thrilling than their previous engagement, "Cliff" Wharton again nosed out the Blue and Blue representative. However, in the relay, Cliff couldn't overcome the lead given the English anchor man.

TRACKSTERS CLEAN UP

streak as he again did the "50" in 5.8 seconds. Of the four runners entered in the hurdles, "Ed" Agababian proved the speediest, as he came 5 points closer to his letter. "Mickey" Woolfson and "Al" Kelley came in first and second respectively in the "300." Running a splendid race. "Marty" Monahan broke the tape

in the "600." "Jim" Foley kept out front all the way to win the "1000." The relay team, sparked by Agababian, was in the lead from start to finish.

CLASS B

"Jim" Barrabee again nosed out "Bob" Grady in the hurdles. "Marty" Greeley placed third in the dash. In the "300," Laskin, Burns, and McAuliffe placed in that order. "Jim" Sullivan continued undefeated in the "600." Greeley, Burns, Sullivan, and Laskin made up the winning relay team.

CLASS C

"Stan" Brenner stumbled, but recovered in time to place second ahead of Garvin and Fitch. In preparation for the Andover meet the following day, Card Parsons decided to run the dash,

which he managed to win, in record time. "Bob" Le Vine spelled Parsons in the "220," with Cogliano third and Siegel fourth. Regan, Gallagher, and McNulty placed one, two, three in the "440." Maintaining the precedent set by the A and B relay teams, Class C also was the first to return the stick.

CLASS D

"Tim" Donovan hurdled his way to third place. Amsie nosed out Colson and Kline placed fourth in the dash. "Art" Collins ran a record breaking "176." "Larry" Young was third in the same event. "Cliff" Wharton strode to a win in the "220" with "Jake" Gittleman placing fourth. Not to be outdone, the D relay was also a winner.

LATIN SECOND IN REGGIES

B. L. S., whose colors were sported by three of the five record-breakers, created a mild upset by coming within 10 points of the winning English team. Parsons, as expected, chopped the "C 20" mark down to 25.4 seconds. Collins, when his "D-176" supremacy was challenged by Sexton of English, improved his style and speed enough to break the record for his favorite distance. As predicted, "Cliff" Wharton cracked the high-jump mark. If there were someone in Class D to "push" "Cliffy," he might have been spurred on to duplicate his Northeastern meet performance of 5:8½".

CLASS A

Paul Murphy wound up a highly successful season by placing second to Logue of South Boston in the dash. "Marty" Monahan, sole Purple representative in the "600," was edged out of fourth place. "Jim" Foley strode his way to fourth in the "1000."

CLASS B

"Jim" Barrabee beat his close rival, Mitchell of English, in the hurdles. We

don't know what it is that makes Laskin so inviting to rival elbows, but he received a merry jostling on every corner and managed to get third place in the "300." "Jim" Sullivan was setting the pace for the "600" until the final embankment, where a board-pounder from Hyde Park passed him. "Larry" Coshnear continued his winning ways by taking the shot-put event. In the relay Laskin was in last place when given the baton, but he sprinted his way to second before he crossed the finish line.

CLASS C

"Bob" Le Vine dashed his way to third in the "50." Carl Parsons, as has been mentioned before, took the 220, in addition won the broad-jump, and, as anchor man on the relay team, advanced from last place to runner-up position.

CLASS D

"Art" Amsie placed third in both the "50" and shot-put. "Matt" Branche, though off to a bad start, took fourth in the hurdles and second to Wharton in the high-jump. "Art" Collins chopped the

record as he won the "176." In addition to winning the high-jump, Wharton breezed along to win in the "220." Gentleman was fourth in the latter event.

O'Connor broad-jumped his way to second. Amsie, Siegfriedt, Collins, and Wharton formed an unbeatable foursome in the relay.

TRACK SPLINTERS

"Larry" Coshnear, undefeated in the Class B shot-put, placed fourth in the Andover meet. . . . "Jim" Barrabee, the school's best hurdler, finally given his chance in a State meet, won his heat at Andover. . . . "Jim" Foley also took first in the "1000" heat in which he participated. . . . "Cliff" Wharton put the D high-jump record two inches higher; but "Matt" Branche who came within one fourth inch of "Cliff's" old record, will be jumping in Class C again next year, and will probably better Wharton's mark. . . . The Murphy clan was well represented in the dashes: Paul's brothers, "Bob" and "Fran" do their running for English. . . . Mario Alfano showed

us an example of super-sportsmanship. When assured of his own letter, Mario backed out of the hurdles, an event which he could have won easily, in favor of "Ed" Agababian, who was several points shy of the total required for the letter. Alfano was also willing to relinquish his place on the relay team to his friend "Aggie", but this was unnecessary.

AD Basketball

Thanks to the tireless efforts of one School Committeeman, basketball has been restored to Boston schools. Mr. Patten has been "weeding out" his material in preparation for next year's initial season.

- BASEBALL -

With the indoor track season over and with many signs of spring already with us, Coach FitzGerald called out the baseball candidates in the third week of March.

From last year's undefeated city champions are left four regulars and one other letterman. "Tom" Sullivan returns for his fourth year at the "hot corner." Last year "Tom" was handicapped by a leg injury, but this year is hoping for a banner season. "Johnnie" Brosuahan mentioned last year for all-scholastic honors, returns with his better than .300 average to hold down the keystone sack. "Eddie" Lee, who started every game last year, returns with the highest batting average and an eleven-game batting streak. Last year "Eddie" was Coach Fitzgerald's best handy man. "Marty" Greeley, also a handy man started last year's English game and will probably play the infield this year.

"Basil" Slattery, whose quality last year was somewhat overshadowed by the deeds of the great "Red" Connolly and Irving Rudman, should come into his own this year on the pitching mound. Others back from last year's team are "Fran" Powers a heavy hitting outfielder; Paul Murphy, a flashy fielding infielder; "Bill" Gallagher and Larry Coshnear, outfielders; "Jack" Casey, first baseman. The football team gives us Paul Kelley, "Albie" Gould, "Al" Kelley, and "Bunso" Burns, outfielders, and Johnny Flynn, a catcher.

Other prospects are Woods, Stockwell, McEachern, "Jack" Mulhern, and "Jack" Connolly, Goode, Bremer, and Tessier. "Dick" McDermott is the manager.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

| <i>Date</i> | <i>Opponent</i> | <i>Field</i> |
|------------------|------------------|--------------|
| Thurs., April 23 | J. P. | Jefferson |
| Mon., April 25 | Trade | Fens |
| Thurs., April 29 | Roslindale | Fallon |
| Sat., May 2 | St. Mark's | Southboro |
| Fri., May 8 | B. C. High | Draper |
| Mon., May 11 | Harvard Frosh | Harvard |
| Thurs., May 14 | Roxbury Memorial | Draper |
| Sat., May 16 | Lawrence Academy | Groton |
| Thurs., May 21 | Mechanic Arts | Cleveland |
| Sat., May 23 | Brockton | Brockton |
| Mon., May 25 | Commerce | Draper |
| Thurs., May 28 | Dorchester | Almont |
| Wed., June 3 | Brighton | Draper |
| Fri., June 5 | Charlestown | Draper |
| Fri., June 12 | English | Draper |

ALUMNI NOTES

Four graduates of the Boston Latin School carried off the prizes awarded by the Old South Association in their annual essay contest on Washington's Birthday. Paul Mandelstam, '41, prominent member of the REGISTER Staff last year, won first prize of \$100 for his essay on Roger Sherman of Connecticut, a member of the Constitutional Convention. Second prize of \$60, for a similar essay, was awarded to Harold Pilvin, '40. Harold W. Schnaper, '41, won the first prize of \$100 for his essay on the opposition to ratification of the Federal Constitution. A second prize for a similar essay was awarded to William Scott Ellis, '40, a prize declaimer at B. L. S. . . .

. . . Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute reports that Stephen W. Rowen, '41, has been named First Company Commander in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps, where he enrolled last September. . . . Milton P. Reiser, '38, has been cited on the Dean's List at the University of Vermont for high scholastic standing during the last semester. . . .

. . . At Colby College in Waterville, Maine, two Latin School graduates are

proving themselves worthy of the Latin School. Lawrence S. Kaplan, '41, has been cited on the Dean's List for high scholastic records, while Leonard B. Berman, also '41, has earned a position on the staff of the *White Mule*. . . .

. . . Among the many ex-Latinites in the armed forces is Lieutenant Sidney J. Freedberg, '32, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Freedberg is remembered as a prominent contributor to the REGISTER in the art department. . . .

. . . Reginald Coggeshall, '12, who is a teacher of Journalism at the University of Maine, read a paper "Peace Conference Publicity Problems: Lessons in Paris, 1919," before an assembly of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism, at Des Moines, Iowa, on Dec. 28, last. . . . Four of last year's class—Gilbert Bell, C. M. Toole, Fred Kelley, and John J. Smith are preparing to be ensigns at various naval academies, Coast Guard, Massachusetts Maritime, and Annapolis. . . .

. . . Abraham Swartz, '38, is a member of the cast in the annual spring play given at University of Vermont.



The Optimist (South Side H. S., Newark, N. J.)

Said the skunk when the wind changed,
"It all comes back to me now."

Question on an exam: Since *pro* means the opposite of *con* give an illustration of each. One pupil's answer: Progress and Congress.

* * *

The Noddler (East Boston H. S.)

Teacher: You should let bygones be bygones.

Pupil: Then why do they make us learn history?

* * *

The Northeastern News (Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.).

A recession is a period in which you tighten up your belt.

A depression is the time in which you have no belt to tighten.

When you have no pants to hold up it's a panic.

"Going around every night with girls on dates keep you young." "How so? I should think it would wear you down." "Not me. I started four years ago as a freshman, and I'm still a freshman." (Ain't the truth.)

* * *

The North Star (Wichita H. S., North Wichita, Kansas).

Once I was a Froshie;
By seniors I was bossed.

I wandered through the spacious halls
Bewildered, worried, lost.

Now, I am a senior,
And my presence is so dear.
That my teachers have invited me
To stay another year.

The Record (English High School, Boston, Mass.).

Customer: Hey! You cut my chin!

Barber: That's all right. You've got two more left.

* * *

The Courier (Hyde Park H. S., Hyde Park, Mass.).

"Little boy, how is it that you mother's name is Jones, and your name is Smith?"

"She got married again, and I didn't."

* * *

Besides the publications quoted above, we acknowledge with thanks the following:

The Sagamore (Brookline H. S., Brookline, Mass.).

The Advance — Salem High and Classical School, Salem, Mass.

The Tattler—Roslindale H. S., Roslindale, Mass.

The Item—Dorchester H. S. for Girls, Dorchester, Mass.

The Bowdoin Orient—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

The Boston University News—Boston University, Boston, Mass.

The Focus (Saugus H. S., Saugus, Mass.)

The Bostonian (R.M.H.S. for Boys, Roxbury, Mass.).

The Shuttle (H.S. of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass.).

The Sphinx (Centralia Township H. S., Centralia, Ill.)

The Hi-Times (J. W. Riley H. S., South Bend, Indiana).

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



FEB. 9: *Ye R.R.R.* was too tired from pushing the clocks ahead to do much of anything else.

FEB. 10: After boasting he could do it, Dr. Marnell has finally done it; with the help of Mr. Burke, he has written a song about the school, which we hear is to be unveiled during the Washington and Lincoln exercises.

FEB. 11: Basketball, the newest sport to be undertaken by the school, was given an impetus by a meeting of all those interested. Class Iers were heard grumbling because in order to provide for the future Class Iers will have to be ignored. Now *Ye R.R.R.* can boast that he would have been the star of the team.

FEB. 12: Lincoln's Birthday—*Ye R.R.R.* was inspired to do his physics after the word was passed about that it was tough.

FEB. 13: Rumor has it that we are to start school at ten o'clock. Now we'll know what being a banker is like.

FEB. 16: Registration Day—The teachers awoke early but we stayed in bed.

FEB. 17: Result of Registration Day—No home lessons.

FEB. 18: *Ye R.R.R.* was attracted by a group of would-be "Arthur Murrays." The object of their instructions was none other than "Doc" Wexler, who was being taught the correct steps to use at the Mid-Winter Dance.

FEB. 18: Dr. Marnell protested against the Junior-Senior Dance Committee putting "Dr. and Mrs. Marnell" on their list of patrons. Quoth the good doctor: "No Mrs. Marnell exists; anything to the contrary is strictly a rumor and has no basis."

FEB. 20: Washington-Lincoln Exercises. The orchestra can truthfully be called the favorite organization of the school, especially since it helps detain the boys from their periods.

FEB. 21-MARCH 1: Vacation. What is there to do during a vacation except Bzzz?

FEB. 25: Mid-Winter Prom—Now we seniors really feel it an effort to speak to a lower classman.

MARCH 2: School started at ten o'clock. At least, the boys like Torf, who habitually arrive a minute before the bell, will be given ample time to shake off the sandman.

MARCH 9: College Board applications were filled out today. Checks are not acceptable for payment of the ten dollar fee. Despite the rubber shortage, the College Board evidently feels there will be no dearth of bouncing checks.

MARCH 10: During the newly innovated seventh period, the Math Club held a meeting. As usual, Frank wrote his secretary's report during the last minute prior to the call to order.

MARCH 11: Blazing to triumph, Corman mastered his opponents to become champion speller of Class I—in the inner sanctum of Room 117, Cooper-smith spake to the stationery man.

"How's business?" spake Joseph, the advertisement getter. "Stationary," was the answer.

MARCH 16: The first thing we heard upon entering the school was that the REGISTER had won second prize in the Columbia Press Contest. To everyone, from the lowly circulation assistant to the dummy Committee, go the R.R.R.'s congratulations.

MARCH 17: Evacuation Day plus St. Patrick's Day combine to make no school, no nothing.

MARCH 18: At a surprise assembly, we were told about the branch of the air corps which we could join. Now, you can't say that Latin School boys aren't going to climb the heights.

MARCH 19: The Chess and Checker Club still manages to have the longest meeting, even though it starts later than it did "ante decem"—explanation to those in doubt—before we started school at ten.

MARCH 30: At a meeting of the Literary Club, Grossman, speaking in place of the absent Mr. Landy, told about Mr. Samuel Pepys, who went to Chelsea to recover. We always thought that the opposite was true, you had to get away from Chelsea to recover.

MARCH 31: We see that Chelsea has a patriot in Carl Rodman, who was the first one to come to school "sans cuffs".

APRIL 1: April Fool's Day, and George Caploe certainly got fooled. Today was George's birthday, and he received presents from Mr. Arnold, Mr. O'Leary, and Dr. Callanan. The presents procured by the class were a baby's teething ring, a rubber ball, and a stuffed bunny. The rub was that George was a major contributor to the fund used to buy these objects.

APRIL 2: REGISTER Deadline. *Ye R.R.R.* respectively but hesitantly submits this copy.

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